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—O—

Love in a Garden.

I leaned across the window-sill,
On April's day to drink my fill,
And on my throbbing temples fled
The kisses of the wending wind.
Faint with the all-bely conce of birth
A blifal pain that shook the earth,
I heard the conscious blue bird dwell
On those soft notes I love so well.

When sudden in my dreamful eyes,
A vision wrought with swift surprise,
And all my being held in sooth,
The heath and langours known to youth
A slender shape, of pliant grace
Soft, floating hair, and upturned face—
I knew her then, I knew her still,
My earliest love, my Daffodil!

Her shimmering gown might well be
seen,
To make the sheltered hollow green,
When first she found, by hemlock roots,
The brown earth pricked with tender
shoots,

Each point above the naked ground,
Her shining palm closed softly round;
Each hidden bud obeyed her will
My April flower, My Daffodil!

Me, too, a blessing all unsought;
In warmth and tenderness she taught;
I cared not that her cheek was cold,
Her drooping lids had made me bold;
Yet, with that self same April day,
Unheeded now, she slipped away,
And in my humble garden still
Unnoticed drooped the Daffodil.

—Elaine Goodale.

Who is Responsible?

The London Times is the chief organ of the British aristocracy. In a late issue it says: that it has "reason to believe that those who are most directly responsible for the administration of the Irish affairs have come to the conclusion that without increasing the power of the Executive the present state of things must not only continue, but enlarge its borders and become more enterprising and audacious." Those who are responsible for the condition of affairs in Ireland are the British Government itself, and the cruel, rack-rent landlords whom that Government supports in all their demands, however outrageous or inhuman they may be. For generations the starved, overworked people of that fertile Isle have appealed time out of mind to the Government for protection from their oppressors, but no relief ever came to them from that quarter, and now that the sufferers are crying aloud so that all the world may hear their wails this organ of the British aristocracy would encourage the Government to close their months at the point of the bayonet! In this contest English civilization is upon trial, and from it the world may learn whether barbarism will be invoked by a Christian nation to maintain and perpetuate barbarism.

The facts of the whole cause simply are that the American people last year fed the famishing Irish, gave them seed for their land and enable them to put in a crop, while the British Government, and the landlords who had eaten them out, aided them not at all. Now that crop is being harvested; it is all the people who raised it have to feed themselves their wives and their children, but the lazy, idle, spendthrift landlords who did nothing to produce this food, come with bailiffs and police to take it from them by fraud and force and leave them and their wives and their little

ones to die of hunger! The people say "We will not give up our food. We have combined against this most inhuman robbery. You may throw us upon the highway, but no man shall occupy the farm of which our neighbor has been dispossessed. We are contending for our God-given privileges. We have as much right to live on this earth as King, or Kaiser, or landlord. It was made for as much as for them. We have a right to the products of our own labor. We will not give them up while aged fathers, crippled mothers, weeping babes and weak wives are depending upon us for sustenance. We raised no hand against the Government, but we will not longer consent to be robbed and starved. We appeal to the Government for protection. We ask it to see that we shall be protected in our rights. We call the world to witness that we war upon no man or class; we simply defend ourselves and ask that we shall not be deprived of our own." And that is all they say or do. What would you do, reader, if you were in their place? Would you stand quietly by and see these men who never bent a finger to produce that food, take it away, knowing that you and yours would be left to starvation and death? You would? Then you are a greater craven, a more contemptible wretch and hundred times less man than we had taken you to be! No man can justly tell what he would do until put in another's place; but we venture to say that if Americans were in Ireland and in the place of the farmers there, that they would not have quietly given up their food to the landlords while their children were left to die of hunger. We have to high an opinion of American to think that they could be guilty of any such crime—for to do so would be a crime of the highest magnitude—a crime but little, if any, less than murder. Americans growled and ultimately fought over a little tax on tea. Were they right? Yes. Then the Irish cannot be wrong in growling of paying a rent that robs and starves them, and who can say that they ought not, if needs be, to fight against it—for it is better for man to die fighting for his rights than to live chitlle, or tenant, or any other slavery.

—[Sacramento Weekly Bee]

Ericsson's New Torpedo Boat.

The Tribune prints to-day an account of John Ericsson's wonderful new torpedo boat, which is the most formidable engine of death known in naval warfare. Captain Ericsson has, it says, invented three things—a boat, a gun and a projectile. The boat is submerged like a monitor, with all the machinery below an intermediate deck of plate iron, which is strongly ribbed and supported with inclined armor plates. The deckhouse above the water has no ports at the sides, and can be shot away without the vessel being disabled. A heavy wood backing gives additional protection to the wheel, and an electric battery and steering gear are ten feet be-

low the water line. She will be able to attack bow on, and will defy, with her armor, the heaviest ordnance. The destroyer is practically invulnerable, and at the same time a most terrible antagonist. Her armament consists of a single breech-loader of wrought iron, hooped with steel, and a bore of sixteen inches. This gun lies seven feet under the water and will discharge a projectile containing 250 pounds of dynamite. When the boat, with its crew of ten men, is within 3000 or 4000 feet of the enemy, the gun is fired by electricity, and the projectile explodes by concussion. If the first shot fails another follows in a few minutes, and the torpedo bombardment proceeds with extraordinary rapidity, no time being wasted in charging the gun. The substitution of gunpowder for compressed air in the operation of charging the gun vastly increases the efficiency of the armament. It may not be too much to say that it leaves the mightiest iron ships of the world completely at her mercy.

—[S. F. Post.]

The Coming War Ship.

Professor Luwenthal, a German thinks the coming war ship will be built of India rubber. His idea is to make the entire hull of rubber, one foot in thickness, strengthened below water line by a light steel frame. The vessel will be driven by a n ordinary steam engine, and have no masts. The crew will be on a lower deck, out of the range of shot. When a cannon ball strike the india rubber ship, it will pass directly through it, above the heads of the crew, and the hole made by it will immediately close. The method of attack of this ship will be by torpedoes only. The doomed ship will immediately sink, while her destroyer will be merely driven some hundred yards backward by the recoil following the explosion. The inventor consider such a vessel could destroy all the navies in the world, and, after her work was done could be made perfect as ever with a few boxes of cement.

The Gulf Steam.

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest draughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its bank and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other so majestic a flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out as the Carolina coasts are of inigo blue. They are distinct marked that the line of junction with the common sea water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between

these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea. In addition to this, there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and Orinoco!

No Danger There.

When it was first announced from New York that the Democrats might contest the State in Congress, the "Bee" suggested that it would be useless to do so for the reason that, although the Democrats have in that body a majority of fifteen over all opponents; there would be found enough, and more than enough, patriotic, honest men among them, such as Trumbull, Farley, Cox, Berry, etc., to cast out from them with indignation any attempt at unseating, by fraud, any person in the Presidential chair; and now comes bluff Ben. Hill, all the way from Georgia, who declares that the South will never consent to the proposition to make Hancock President by such means—and we may expect Wade Hampton and the Southern Democratic leaders generally to chime in with great accord. The country is at peace and no weak effect of this character can disturb its tranquillity.

The earth in its annual course around its orbit will pass through the Meteoric belt on or about the night of November 27th. This luminous belt of meteoric matters, whirling through space, is always to be found doing duty at the same time and place. It is, by some, supposed to be scattered fragments of a shattered comet continuing on in their eternal rounds, and which are gradually being appropriated by the earth and other planets, if any other there be, that may pass among them.

For the benefit of young gentlemen to whom cigarettes are dear, the way in which many of them prepared is subttitted. The diligent Chinamen have divided the beats of the city among themselves, and at early morning when the spittoons are cleaned out are always on hand. The cigar stumps are carefully gathered by them, brought to their cellars, dried and sorted. A portion are placed in a tub of water, and in this tub the Chinaman stamps out the juice for the purpose of dyeing the paper of the chocolate-colored cigarette. The other portion is used for the filling. Now boys, smoke your cigarettes and be happy.—S. F. Stock Exchange.

TAXPAYERS' ATTENTION!

Taxes are now due and payable at my office at the Court House, in the village of Yuma. Taxes become DELINQUENT on the SECOND MONDAY IN DECEMBER.
F. M. HODGES,
Tax Collector.

LYONS' COLUMN.

ISAAC LYONS.

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